

# Better at Being Young

Meg & Dia

Close my eyes for a minute  
Woke up, summer was finished  
How's it gone in an instant  
Twisted, distant

I remember those cold hands  
And he tasted like stale grass  
Lasted long as a quick drag  
Oh man, God damn

Red eyes, teeth marks  
Hushed tones fill up my lungs  
Motels, gold stars  
Dead phones, where can I run  
Cause I was better at being young  
Better, better  
Better at being young  
Better, better

When I first saw the skyline  
City lit by the traffic  
Made the weekend a classic  
Manic, addict

Red eyes, teeth marks  
Hushed tones fill up my lungs  
Motels, gold stars  
Dead phones, where can I run  
Cause I was better at being young  
Better, better  
Better at being young  
Better, better

Gonna lay down my body cold  
Maybe be someone else  
Remember what I wanted  
When it was still ok to want it

Red eyes, crushed bones, mouth guards  
Bad dreams, sweet hearts, twin beds

Red eyes, teeth marks  
Hushed tones fill up my lungs  
Motels, gold stars  
Dead phones, where can I run  
Cause I was better at being young  
Better, better  
Better at being young  
Better, better